

Machine Gun Kelly, Story Of The Stairs

And that was a dark depressing time for him, you know
He did had one visit with his mother I think
During the time that he lived with me and she brought
Him a huge box fill with gifts you know clothes and all
Kinds of little goodies and stuff and it sat in the corner
Untouched, literally for months he'd never opened anything just
Left the box there

What's going on in your mind when someone you haven't seen
Since you were nine is out at your door step right now?
Rewind, remember that one time when Marco showed up at the front door
And we found out he escaped from a psych ward
And stole grandma's car?
Ah, rest her soul
I know that's off topic, but I miss her soul
So ironic that she was blind but told me I'm handsome I was
Every time that I walked in the door
Can't lie and say it was easy being 14 on February 14th
Watching a body die in my arms
Then have to go to a school that I hated
When my grade indicate that I don't give a fuck what's going on
A couple hours later on
And not to mention that one bitch that I loved
By the way I call her "bitch" because she was
Wanted me to catch another man fucking her
Invited me over, told me to come into the front
Come upstairs and say what's up
And there she was
Little slut
I was broken hearted, should've broke that bitch's jaw
Just for playin' me like a chump
But instead went to the garage, grabbed one
Of her brother's rifles, went outside, and shot that other
Mothafucka's truck up
I guess that's what lead me to cuffs
Becomin' common in my life like funerals was
Daddy's less common now, he gave up
After he heard the judge pin a fucking felony on his son
Funny enough
Me and Aunt Barbara even closer
Start to feel some weight lift off her shoulder
Till it piled back on when a radiologist told her
That she had breast cancer and might not live much longer
Fast forward
The woman that I call my "mother" isn't my mother
Or even blood but that's how much I love her
And I'm feeling awkward 'cause the doorbell's from the person that I call HER
Maybe I ain't ready for it
Shit, what should I wear?
Fuck that, I ain't going down there
I waited over a decade for closure
Why should I receive it if it might not be something I want to hear
In the mirror is a empty reflection
And in my head are questions I want to ask like, "Where the fuck did you go?"
Why did you turn my birthdays to the worst days every year that you didn't show?
And if you must know, I didn't turn out to be much else
Than a drunk who fell face first to a pile of hell
Took four snuffs of the devil's dust
Ended up with my manager helping me 'cause I couldn't take a piss by myself
But I did get a record deal
And all my records got that making of a legend feel
And I did have a daughter who I promised that the way that way you made me felt
Is a way she will never, feel
Slip a Benadryl in my cup

Ech, fuck it I'm sickening up
Pit of my stomach clenching, all my muscles stiffening up
I ain't been this nervous since I got jumped
Flick the tip of my J over a surface covered with ashes and junk
Took a pull and sat it down
Put on both of my Chucks
Reach for the door but my hand's sweaty, I'm anxious as fuck
Couldn't even hit the stairs without remembering how many years
I was there waiting to see your car pull up
Now you saying she's right there?
Man you saying she's right there?
You telling me if I open up this door right here
That she'll been standing right there?
And after all these years am I wrong for having this fear
Of meeting the reflection that was missing in the mirror?
Open up the door and then I see her